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VOLUME XXXI.

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NUMBER 13.

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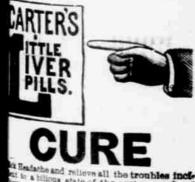
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THE CAPE OF STORMS.

We may steer our boats by the compass, Or may follow the northern star; We may carry a chart on shipboard As we sail o'er the seas afar, But, whether by star or by compass We may guide our boats on our way, The grim Cape of Storms is before us,

And we'll see it ahead some day. How the prow may point is no matter, Nor of what the cargo may be, If we sail on the northern ocean Or away on the southern sea; t matters not what is the pilot,

No vessel sails o'er the sea of life But must pass the Cape of Storms. Sometimes we can first sight the head-On the distant horizon's brim;

We enter the dangerous waters With our vessels all taut and trim; But often the cape in its grimness Will before us suddenly rise, Because of the clouds that have hid it

Our souls will be caught in the waters That are hurled 'gainst the Storm Cape's

Our pleasures and joys, our hopes and Will join in the maddening race, Our prayers, desires, our penitent griefs, Our longings and passionate pain. Be dashed to spray on the stormy cape

And fly back in our face like rain. But there's always hope for the sailor, There is ever a passage through; No soul goes down at the Cape of Storms If the life and the heart be true, in purpose the soul should be stead

If faithful in mind and in will, The boat will glide to the other side, Where the ocean of life is still.

THE RIVER OF UNTRUTH.

BY WINFIELD CLARKE.

-- Philadelphia Ledger.

Across Arizona from east to west, like a great artery, flows the Gila river. Down from the north comes the Hassayampa and empties into it. There is an odd tradition connected with the Hassayampa. It is that he who drinks of its waters will never thereafter be able to tell the truth. Politicians sometimes come long distances, it is said, just out of curiosity, and if, perchance, found drinking of the water, claim that they had heard it was beneficial to the liver. Newspaper men flee from its vicinity as they would from a plague; yet it is only a tradition and no person knows

whence it sprung. Some years ago, George Washington Thompson, a most carefully reared and opether exemplary young man, cam to California from an eastern state. He came for the purpose of making his fortune. In this he has been successful, but oh! at what a fearful cost. The story is a sad one, indeed.

Previous to his coming to California, and, in fact, for some time thereafter, George Washington Thompson had never even heard of the Hassayampa river. How different might his fate have been had he never heard of it.

In choosing the mining company promotion business as an occupation Mr. Thompson was actuated more, perhaps, by the thought that he could thus achieve sooner the goal of his ambition, than by the loftier thought of the good he might do the mining interests of the great and growing west. But he was young and fired by all those various desires which crowd the mind of the

His first venture in the mining company promotion business was also his his last one. He secured an option upon some very promising mining claims in Arizona. Some wealthy men in Los Angeles, under the spell of his glowing enthusiasm, having joyfully consented to back him, he set out upon the journey to Arizona to examine the property and report to his backers.

Chance threw George Washington Thompson into the company of an elderly cattleman from the Aravaipa country soon after he left Los Angeles. They occupied the same seat in the smoker. The cattleman conceived a violent disgust for the young man because he smoked cigars which the trainboy had for sale. George bought six of these alleged cigars, for which he paid a halfdollar, and gave one to the cattleman The cattleman lighted it, heroically stayed by it through three puffs and one profuse expectoration, and then tossed it out of the window.

"However did ye git imbued with the notion this yere pertic'ler slice of coyote pasture needed disinfection?" he asked. George looked at the massive shoulders and square-turned jaw of the cattleman, and decided that if any insult was intended by this remark it was not intended for him, but for the train boy. So he overlooked it, and very kindly told the cattleman all about himself and his mining company promotion venture, while the train sped on across the glistening sand wastes that stretch out on either side from the Salton basin to Yuma. The cattleman had taken a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and the smoke seemed to soothe him, so that he was able to curb a strong desire to throw George out of the window. It was an old pipe, which the cattleman had used for a long time, and he had not been smoking long JOB PRINTING before the screws in the window casings began to start and the veneering on the ceiling commenced to peel up, but the

smoke was very quieting-very quieting, indeed-to the old cattleman. "Assumin' that I git ye correct interpreted," he finally observed, "you'll eventually round up, I opinion, somewhere up'n th' Hassayampa country, eh? That the idea? You'll observe the lay-out concernin' some likely prospects fer mineral, with the intention of nickerin' off 'em to a flock o' tenderfeet, up in the city, of I'm follerin' yer conversational trail anyways close. Do I seem to git my brand on your plan all

"i think so yes, I am almost sure you do," replied George Washington Thompson, wishing he had at least some sort of an idea of what his companion was talking about.

"Roped yer notion the first throw. did 1? Ever infested them parts to any alarmin' extent afore?"

"I don't think I understand," said George. "Possibly you mean-" "Oh, you lose my trail, eh? Well, don't let me stampede ve none, but, without intendin' no insult an' feelin all friendly-like, seein' as how you've recent struck this here range, providin' you allows me, I'll perceed to speak short and pointed-like concernin' of the water-gullopin' gebosiphat!-here's where I cut out from th' herd. No tell-

young man."

He gathered his effects and left the ear, while George Washington Thompson sat gazing out of the window at the miserable adobe houses of the Arizona town.

Who will say that it was not the hand of fate that brought the words of the old cattleman to so abrupt an end, just as the note of warning was upon his lips? Surely, when all of this sad tale is told, there will be none to say that any man's hand had aught to do with the undoing of George Washington Thompson. "Twas fate, and fate alone. Next day he reached his destination and entered upon his work of investigation with as much earnestness as another man would who knew what he was about. George even imagined that

he did know what he was about. There may have been an evil glitter in the mine-owner's eye as he led George down to the river to show him the mill site. It was a hot day-an Arizona hot day. The water was clear and cool and extremely inviting, and, though George had been repeatedly warned that he could never hope to do business in Arizona if he was once seen drinking water, the stream seemed to tempt him as it bubbled and gurgled along. Watching until his companion's back was turned to him, he fell upon his knees at the water's edge and drank his fill.

In Phonix, where he stopped for a few days on his way back to the city. George was regarded as a very important personage. This may have been due to several causes.

"Yes," said he, speaking generally to a group of natives in the hotel office, we shall expend something like half a million on the property at once, in order to see what it is likely to be worth. If it shows up at all as we expect there will be no stop in the work, and after we get a railroad in, then we will soon have the waterworks and the mill going. A million will cover the whole preliminary work, I think."

These few statements, in connection with the fact which George, in an unguarded moment allowed to leak out. that Cecil Rhodes was one of the backers of the enterprise, and that the Rothschilds would also have an interest in the venture, seemed to heighten the respect for George until it amounted to reverence almost.

Seeing how matters stood, George then rather reluctantly admitted that he had given up the management of one of the South African mines in order to give his personal attention to this The report prepared by George for his

backers proved a great surprise for even the most sanguine among them. One day, some weeks after George's return, there was a meeting in the private office of a bank. It was a private meeting, and even George himself was not asked to be present. A report was

to be considered. It was not George's

"Gentlemen," began a pompous old financier, as he arose, holding in one hand a formidable-looking document while he gently stroked his luxuriant whiskers with the other, "I have here the report of the expert sent by the Bonanza Mining & Milling company to confirm the report of George Washing ton Thompson. As president of the Bo nanza Mining & Milling company i becomes my privilege to acquaint you, the members of said Bonanza Mining & Milling company, with the contents of this report. Before doing so, however, I wish to remark-merely by way of preparing you for what may followthat George Washington Thompson"here he paused and surveyed the members of the Bonanza Mining & Milling company as though to see if all were prepared to receive the remark-"is the

worst liar I ever knew!" Entirely overcome by the effort thus far expended, the president of the Bonanza Mining & Milling company was obliged to sit down at this juncture and the secretary was called upon to read

the report of the expert. George Washington Thompson must have felt keenly the position in which he found himself after the disorganization of the Bonanza Mining & Milling company, for he shortly thereafter went to San Diego, and from there soon came a report that he had joined the church.

Not long thereafter, bowever, came rumors of a scandal. The church expelled him. He had been teaching a Sunday school class that Paul was a bold buccaneer who sailed the seas plundering rich-laden vessels, and that John the Baptist once tried to interest certain wealthy merchants of Carthage in a spide mining deal over in Cale donia.

Poor George! His is, indeed, a sad story, and though he has amassed a vast fortune in the real estate business people seem to lack confidence in him to some extent. Even his statement that the prince of Wales and party will come over and join him on a rhinoceros hunt in Alaska next summer is discredited. San Francisco Argonant

The Highest Clouds.

During the past year a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been engaged in measuring the height of clouds with the aid of photography. Simultaneous pictures of a cloud are made by two cameras placed 600 feet apart and connected by telegraph wires. From the amount of displacement of the cloud caused by viewing it alternately from each end of the 600-foot base line, its height can be calculated. Some of the "mackerel-sky" clouds photographed were 71/4 miles high. The loftiest clouds whose elevation was thus measured belonged to the type known as cirrus or "curl-cloud," the height being a little more than 17 miles.-Youth's Companion.

The earliest spoons were made of horn. Specimens of ivory and bone have been found in the abodes of the cave dwellers and lake dwellers all over Europe. Spoons of gold and silver are mentioned as having been used at Nero's table. In Saxon times every guest brought his own knife and spoon. the host providing a towel or cloth for wiping each at the close of the repast.

-A man's ancestors are not always responsible for his ill temper; sometimes the responsibility lies with the ancestors of his wife,-Atchison Globe. -No man wants to be a woman longer than it would take to show his wife

RODE A BUFFALO,

How a Half-Breed Won the Heart ot a Famous Cowgirl.

The Foolbardy Escapade Might Have Resulted Disastrously, But Fortune Favored the Cowboy.

The recent wedding of Myrtle Morrison, the famous Nowlin county (S. D.) girl broncho buster, and Frank Dupree, a part blood Sioux, created quite a sensation among the aristocracy on the Sioux reservation and in adjacent territory. Miss Morrison is a handsome young cowgirl, noted far and near for her proficiency in the art of horse training. She has had many admirers among the frontier beaux, but always declared that she would never marry any man who could not ride, shoot and throw a lariat better than she could, and as such men are extremely scarce it appeared probable that Miss Myrtle was doomed to lead a life of single blessedness. However, last fall, bay being scarce on the upper Bad river range, her father removed his family and stock to Big Plum creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne river. Here Myrtle first made the acquaintance of the good-looking, daring young halfbreed who since has become her hus-

Frank Dupree is a splendid horseman, a thorough cow hand, and apparently devoid of fear. The Duprees are among the wealthiest stockmen in the state, counting their cattle by the thousands, and Frank, like many other halfbloods of that section, has received a a fair education. Still, Myrtle was not much attracted toward the swarthy youth until one day they happened to be riding together and came in sight of a herd of 60 or 70 buffalo, which the Dupree family have raised on their own range from a few calves caught years ago when buffalo meat was the principal article of diet for the entire Sioux

The young couple rode up quite close to the herd before the animals were aware of their presence, and Frank, in a spirit of bravado, urged his broncho alongside of a huge bull buffalo and sprang from his saddle to the animal's back. In an instant the herd was stampeding across the prairie with the old bull leading the van. Dupree's foolhardiness had placed him in an extremely dangerous predicament. If he jumped or fell from the buffalo's back he would certainly be trampled to death by the pursuing herd, and if he retained his seat until the animal be came tired and sulky it was equally certain that the brute would make a furious assault upon him the moment he dismounted. So all he could do was to cling to the animal's back and await an opportunity to escape. But it was not until the herd had run fully two miles that he saw the least chance of leaving the back of the novel steed and escaping alive. Fortune at last favored him, and the animal ran for some distance along a deep, narrow washout. with almost perpendicular sides reaching to a height of fully 20 feet. Here Frank started from his seat and slid down the banks of the depression just in time to escape being trampled upon by the closely following herd.

Meanwhile Myrtle had lassoed her companion's horse, and was hunrying after the rapidly retreating buffalo. She reached the spot where Frank had dismounted just as he was climbing, dirty and bedraggled, to the top of the ravine The cowboy did not feel very proud of his exploit, but nevertheless the little exploit had touched a tender spot in the girl's heart, and a short time ago the bells of the Cherry Creek mission church announced the wedding of this typical frontier couple.-Chicago Chron-

EFFECT OF MUSIC. The Nervous System Influenced by Dif-

ferent Kinds of Sounds. The old story that Saul when out of temper used to summon David to play the harp, and found the music to be a

sedative, may prove to be more than a simple historic incident, for both Charcot and Tarchanow have declared that musical sounds are a remedial agency in disease which no physician can afford to ignore, says the New York Mr. Warthin, of Michigan, who has given a great deal of thought to this sub-

ject, asserts that different kinds of sounds are more effective than drugs in the cure of disease. For instance, he boldly assures us that the music of Valkyrie will increase perspiration. and, therefore, cure certain forms of ailment caused by checking its flow. The operative energy is not the music as such, but the peculiar vibrations made by it. Tannhauser, on the other hand, is a vibratory soporific and induces a serene state of mind and body.

M. Coriveaud, of Paris, asserts that violin playing is at least a temporary remedy for sciatica. He adduces the instance of a patient who found almost instant relief in that way and who successfully resorted to it whenever threatened with an attack.

Perhaps this is an appeal to the imagination, but what matters it if the patient is cured? Perhaps, again, there is a law hidden somewhere in the pile of apparent impossibilities-one which will some time be discovered for our benefit. We never smile with incredulity at anything in these wonder-working

Apricot Toast.

A good way to make apricot toast is to slice down a milk roll about onehalf inch thick, and fry these slices in butter till of a golden brown; meanwhile turn the liquor from a tin of canned apricots into a delicately clean pan, add one ounce of powdered sugar and a wineglassful of sherry or liquor, as you please. Place a half apricot on each slice of fried toast, cup side uppermost, place a kernel in each cup, non the sirup, etc., which should have boiled up, over the apricots and toast, place a teassoonful of thick cream into each apricot and serve hot.-St. Louis Republic.

One Objection.

Salesman (to prospective buyer)-Yes, madam, this carpet is fine goods and it can't be beat in this town. Lady-Then I don't want it. We can't afford to send it out of town every time we wish it beaten.-Up-to-Date.

IRMA'S BETROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good-looking, tall and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" h asked, standing on the threshold. The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said, indifferently.

He walked across the room. "I hav a proposal to make to you, Barones Irma. Will you give me your attertion for a little while?" She looked at him indignantly. She

had a sweet, oval face and deep gray "I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht.'

"I thought that you would say so!" (there was something like a ring of triumph in his voice) "but indeed my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding." There was uncertainty, distrust, in

"Yes," continued the young officer, "! know that you have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretenses. I came here because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but-"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right. and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg eastle-you will excuse my mentioning my name firsthave received orders to offer my hand and my debts in marriage to Barones Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Now, hear me out; this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaperon could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how mat ters stand after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes." She stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived;

ernelly deceived." "Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compac even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?" "Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg,

thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their hasty tempors.

"You admit," she said, after a pause "that I have been awkwardly placed." "I admit that you have been inhos

pitably, abominably treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave this house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, 1 shall be worse off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months, as was arranged, she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make me dislike you more than ever, if-"

"If possible?" His good humor was irresistible; she

burst into a merry laugh. For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the Baroness Irma were to pretend to be on amicable terms, and the two conspirators (the count and the chaperone) were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome to you as possible," explained the heir of Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes," (and there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner). " think I can trust you." "Come," he said, gently, "Baroness

Irma, is it a truce between us signed and sealed?" He took her hand in his, and, bending

over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the castle was the first to begin hostilities. One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing-room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht-Irma hardly dared look at him, so changed was his aspect. It was too clear that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be war.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfac tion. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my esteemed cousin, Frau von Wolde. I had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine my distress on hearing to-day from my nephew that you have refused his proposal of marriage."

Irma looked toward Count Albrecht; something that she read in his wrathful mien made her hesitate as she an-

swered: "It is quite true; we are

friends, and nothing more." "It cannot be, my dear young lady. that so young a maiden should have given away her preference without the consent or knowledge of her guardian? Answer me candidly: Are your affections already engaged?"

The color surged into Irma's cheeks and left them pale again. She glanced at Fran von Wolde. There was no help for her there. "This is a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"Baroness Buchow is right!" burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle. I retuse to be a party to your scheme."

The forest spread its wide wings ever as far as the eastle garden. Irma loved the green paths and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the count and pretended to read. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words-he accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his uprightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman-though she were a princessto whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma "that made him nearly hate me at first." Did he hate her now?

She shut her book and wandered still further into the woods, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright with heather. The steppingstones were half covered with water today; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She bethought herself of a rustic bridge a few yards further

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine stems; it was a picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail-how noisy the stream was!-it snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below. She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidablelooking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt, when she was stopped by a peremptory shout: "Gently, gently! Jump from that

projecting stem; it is safe!" She looked up; on the edge of the heather-covered rock stood Albrecht

Reitzenberg. She paused uncertain, half inclined to retrace her steps. Perceiving her besitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the

rushing water: "Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?" She nodded assent.

"Step there-to the left. Do not look

Involuntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms. The gulf vawned between them. He could be of no help.

"The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry." "Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma. "Is he still augry? "I had better return the way I came,

Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account." "No; do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book-it might be in your wayand jump as far as you can. Now!" One spring, and Irma was safe on the moss and heather, while the plank

on which she had thought to stand

slipped slowly but surely into the foam-

ing water. Albrecht held her hands clasped in his. "Thank Heaven that you are safe!" he cried. "Oh, Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you! I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony. Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous. I did not, indeed." She saw him turn pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his dis-"The bridge should have been destroyed long ago; it shall be done to-

day. I did not dare to join you or to speak to you until you had passed the worst. If you had been killed-ah! I cannot bear to think of it-I should never have known another day's happiness, and it would have been my faultmine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best beloved! Thank Heaven that I have you safe at last. Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough! Look at me and say that you love me!"

marriage three long months ago she had been ready with her refusal. Now. when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except: "I love you! I love you!" It was enough for him. "My bride. my wife!" he said, and held her in his

When he had made her an offer of

The green ferns rustled and whispered, the beeches tossed their boughs in the sunlight, the red squirrels played in the oak trees, the whole wood was

full of life and joy at that mement

when the lovers plighted their troth.-

Woman at Home. Homemade Mince-Meat. Six pounds of beef boiled, then chopped fine with two pounds of suct, a quarter peck of apples cut fine, three pounds of raisins, two of currants, three-quarters of a pound of citron, one pint of brandy, one of wine. Sweeten and spice to taste, as some like more spice than others. I use cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add eider as you use the mince-meat. - Philadelphia

A Puzzle, She-There is one thing about polities I could never understand.

Press.

He What is that? She-Why is it that in making up tickets they always use a slate? Wouldn't a sheet of paper, and a pen or pencil be more convenient?-Brooklyn

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AN EXPENSIVE EEL POT.

The Queer Office of a Great Government Gunboat. One of the most startling possibilities of the new ships of the United States navy was shown by the recent accident to the battleship Texas at the navy yard in New York, when the connections of a sea-cock gave way, and the engine rooms and some other compartments of the ship were flooded with

water from the East river. When the water came pouring through the hole in the ship's bottom the engineer in charge of the starboard engine-room, which felt the first force of the rush, closed the doors leading to the port engine-room and then made a hurried exit to the deck. The water, coming in through an aperture more than 13 inches in diameter, spouted up like a small geyser until the ship had gone down as far as the mud under her keel would permit, and then the flow was only sufficient to make up for the leakage from the engine room to the other compartments.

The discipline on the ship was perfeet, and, although all the electric lights were put out, owing to the flooding of the lighting apparatus, there was no disorder. It was not until after the lights had been restored through connections with the system on board the battleship Indiana, which was lying near the Texas, and the pumps had beoun bailing the ship, that the fact was made clear that Uncle Sam's cruisers could be put to other uses besides the killing of people and the destruction of property.

The engine room was full of wriggling. squirming, twisting cels, to say nothing of large numbers of small fish, which had been sucked in by the rushing water. As an sel trap, in short, the Texas was a complete success.

While the pumps were at work the surface of the water was continually stirred by the strangers who had invaded the precincts devoted to the machinery, and the flapping and jumping of the fish, with the smooth, sinuous, gliding motion of the eels, made a picture under the place of the e lectric lamps which those who saw it will not soon forget.

After the water had been lowered in the engine-room so that the crank-shaft and crank-pits were visible, the disturbance became greater, as, although the pump exhausting the water had a sucion aperture almost as large as the hole through which the eels had made their way into the ship, a large number of them escaped the drought, and were left stranded in the mud which had set-

tled in the pits. These were counted on as a basis for fish dinner for "Jacky," and although there were not enough left to make a men! for the 400 and odd men on board, it was evident that, as one of the men put it: "There is no need for us to starve, for all we have to do is to open the seacock, take the bonnet off the flange, and the engine room will catch all the fish needed."-Youth's Compan-

STATE RAILWAYS IN AUSTRALIA. Problem Successfully Solved There with Advantage to All Concerned.

The problem of state railways seems to have become successfully solved in New South Wales, where the annual report of the railway commissioners shows that the total traffic earnings from the colonial railways and transways amounted to £3,109,598, and the expenditures to £1,788,171, leaving a balance after paying working expenses of £1,321,427. This, the commissioners state, makes an accumulated increase of £3,332,413 paid into the tressury during the past eight years to meet the interest on capital. From that sum. however, there had to be deducted £ 375,000, installments in repayment of the vote of £1,000,000 made to the department for the reconstruction and improvement of the permanent way, the balance, £2,957,413, being the inreased net earnings since the commissioners took office. The year has been one of considerable difficulty, the continuance of the commercial depression, the drought (which has caused the loss of 13,000,000 sheep) and the Newcastle coal strike having seriously affected the traffic. Nevertheless, the revenue for the railways alone during the past year was £2,820,417, and the working xpenses £1,551,888, or 55.02 per cent. of the gross revenue, and a return of £3 8 shillings, 10 pence per cent, upon the total capital cost. Estimatng the amount open which the railway lepartment has to pay interest at 3,739 per cent, the department would have to provide £ 1,295,590 to meet its obligations, and after paying the working expenses it had provided the whole of that sum except £27,061, which had to be made up out of the general revenue. If, however, to the cost of £34,659,983 were added £2,192,211, provided out of the consolidated revenue, and the debentures repaid, on which there was so interest charge, the deficiency in interest would be £109,006. The revenue for the year decreased £57,787, while the working expenses were reduced £15,701. The actual decrease was £131,069, in the carriage of wool, grain and floor, bides, skins and tallow, but the increase in other branches, acising out of the improved condition of the colony, lessened it to the amount stated. It the same time the work of improving the various lines, modifying gradients and curves, etc., has been systematically carried on, the railways now being equal to any in the world, show ing what skillful management, can chieve under adverse circumstances, There are, however, numerous indications of improvement, and the commissioners look forward to a largely increased revenue during the present

The Soun Water Business. Fifty millions of dollars are annually invested in this country in sodamaking apparatus, and the se trust is capitalized at \$13,000,000. The late John Manners, of New York, originated in 1832 the idea of manufacturing gas with which to charge water. The names of those two benefactors of mankind-the man who first stirred together a little common baking soda and tartarie acid in water, and the other, probably a woman, who was struck with the idea of dropping some ice cream into her glass of soda water-have not been preserved.-Chicago Record.

year. - John Plummer's Australian Let-